

Walk-In

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: FaceFucking, Fearplay, Forced Orgasm, M/M, Masturbation, Multi, Swallowing, Teeth, Voyeurism, drool, dubcon, i guess?, jerking off, male reader - Freeform

Language: English

Characters: Pennywise (IT)

Relationships: Pennywise x Reader, Pennywise x male reader

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Summary:

You're home alone and walk in on a late-night visitor in your bedroom. Reader is male with a fear-lovin dick.

Walk-In

Author's Note:

It's been brought (indirectly) to my attention that there's a startling lack of Penny lovin' on the cocks. Let me fix that a little.

The noise is coming from your room.

It's not being alone that scares you - you're alone plenty, and prefer it a lot of the time. There's a certain intoxication taken away from being by yourself late at night, not having any real responsibilities or people to keep conversation with. It's a safe place... until now.

Behind your door, it sounds like jingling. It sounds like bells, like *heavy breathing*, interspersed with... crying? Laughing? Every instinct in your body tells you to turn around and run. The fine hairs on the back of your neck prick up as your pulse races, ears flooded with the roar of your blood. In spite of everything, you find yourself reaching for the knob and turning it, gently, as though you don't want to disturb whoever the fuck is in your house.

The scene you walk in on registers in stages; the first thing that strikes you is its *size*. It sits hunched over in your chair, with a shock of orange hair and a silky, filthy suit. Just seeing it from behind is intimidating enough, the chair creaking with each manic jerk and shudder of its massive frame. It turns a little to eye you over its shoulder and all of the feeling leave your legs, locked to the spot in a cold, crippling wash of fear.

Its eyes *blaze* at you, glowing a sickly, blood-ringed gold, red lips split wide in a grin. Drool drips off its teeth and chin to stain the worn ruffles on its outfit - a *clown outfit*. There are too many teeth in its mouth; they look like needles, capable of shredding you open with little to no effort whatsoever. But this isn't the worst thing.

It rolls its head on its neck until it stares playfully upside-down at you, spine arched unnaturally over the chair, giggling and whimpering in the same shaky breath as its tongue hangs from the

side of its mouth. In its massive, gloved hands is something big, wet, dripping with some toxic looking viscous fluid. It's hard to make sense of it, wriggling around in its fingers like that. Your stomach flips at the sight of this fucking *thing*, what it's *doing*, your mind rebelling at what's in front of you and refusing to accept it.

It hums and unleashes a disjointed laugh, tiny bells tinkling in its sick mirth. "*Dirty little boy.*" It licks its lips, eyes rolling back with a moan and disappearing in the flutter of its lashes before fixing on you again. "*Filthy, n a u g h t y boy. I can smell you here. I can smell what you do to yourself.*" It clucks its tongue, your only response a whine that escapes your tight throat, breaths coming in short, hyperventilated gasps.

"W-Wh... what..."

"*W-w-what do you mean? What are you? W-w-what... do you... w a n t?*" It mimics you in its hysterical, lilting voice, face screwed up in mock agony before it breaks up into a grin. Its gaze draws down your body with marked hunger, hands stroking at the writhing appendage in its lap. You look at it once more, unable to avoid it - it undulates as the clown rubs and squeezes and pets it, long fingers stroking along the rippling flesh and spreading the slick around. "*Well, well, well! Got something in there for me?*"

The chair and the fucking *thing* in it slides across the floor and a thick, black tongue stretches from its parted jaws to lap against the strain in your jeans. The full force of your arousal hits you all at once - your knees start to buckle as it licks, soaking your crotch with unbearably warm drool. You shudder and lean into its ministrations, holding your breath as razor-edged teeth sink into the denim and yank back; it manages to shred them so they slide down your thighs in ruins, its tongue looping under the elastic of your underwear to pull and free your cock.

There's a devastating moment of clarity in which you see everything from the outside, your aching hard dick not even inches from this creature's yawning mouth. Rows and rows of these teeth chitter and rotate, hypnotizing you as the tongue slides around to give your flushed head a wet stroke. The tip of it slides just under the slit, at the apex of your cock, licking that tender knot of flesh as its face

splits apart to show more teeth. They're *endless*. And still you remain motionless, allowing it to taste you. You buck your hips back and it tugs, wrapping more of its tongue around your shaft and pulsing, twisting to grip as much of you as it can wrap around. Tendrils sprout from the primary appendage, and you feel them lick teasingly at your balls, sliding over your hipbones, wrapping around your thighs and brushing the sensitive swell of your ass.

Though its face blooms open like a flower, its voice comes clear all the same, ancient and harrowing: "*You like to be afraid. Stupid, tasty little thing - you want to cum for Pennywise? You want it?*" Its laughter chases itself through the air, reverberating off the walls and in your skull, swallowing your breathless moans, the hitch in your chest as it pulls you deeper into its gaping mouth. You don't want to - fear shoots through the fog of your heady arousal, urging you to *pull away*, for the love of God *STOP*.

You watch it swallow your cock until its deformed lips touch your body, hundreds of needlepoints threatening your skin lest you make a wrong move, if you get too excited and thrust. The tongues work almost as tirelessly as its hands, jerking its own monstrous cock and rolling its hips up to meet deft hands, the fingers teasing strange little bumps and patches of alien flesh, the teeth and taut skin of a slit at its base. The opening. Like a drooling mouth. You gasp as your body tightens up in warning, cock engorging in its inhuman throat as its saliva soaks your naked thighs, patters into the carpet near your feet.

"Gunna cum for me, boy," it growls. You test a slight roll of the hips, just enough to grind back against all the pulsating, slippery sensation in its mouth, stroking behind your balls, everything so *hot* and *wet* -

"Fuck," you gasp, "*f-fuck oh fuck ohh* -"

The clown moans and you feel it from your head to your curling toes, digging into the carpet as you rut into the thing's awful face. Finally, your cock tenses with molten, unbearable heat and you throb in its tongue, feeling something contract over and over as you realize it's *swallowing*, milking you as it shudders to its own release. Thick, dark cum oozes between its fingers and from the flesh itself, no discernible opening in sight.

It keeps you snug inside of its mouth until you're shaking and grabbing tufts of its hair, gripping the clammy, sickeningly smooth skin of its throat in an effort to dislodge yourself without being eviscerated. It trembles with laughter and finally releases your softening cock. The thick tentacle that seems to serve as its own genitals retracts back into its body, slipping between the teeth of its slit and knitting itself neatly from sight. The clown's face comes back together, still as ghoulish but considerably less threatening. It licks its lips and stands from the chair, moving with a slow ease that fills you with renewed panic as it comes to rest barely inches from your body.

"You're good, a *good, tasty boy*. I'll *come* back for you, easy little snack." It peers down at you from its towering height, lips drawn up in a smirk. "*You belong to Pennywise now.*"